PRIZE POEM.

E. C. JONES.

cm.

OD OF WALES,

Y

NNE, M.A.,

warden, Flintshire,

JONES.

THE RIGHT HON.
M.P.

ASTGATE ROW.

Prize Poem.

Prize Poem.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDVOD OF WALES,
MOLD, 1873.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE

REV. HENRY GLYNNE, M.A.,

Hon. Canon of St. Asaph, Rector of Hawarden, Flintshire, and Rural Dean,

BY EVAN CLETWR JONES.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE RIGHT HON.
W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

CHESTER:
PHILLIPSON AND GOLDER, EASTGATE ROW.
1873.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

William Ewart Gladstone, M.P.,

FIRST MINISTER OF THE CROWN,

WHOSE PRESENCE AT, AND INAUGURAL ADDRESS
DELIVERED IN VINDICATION OF THE ANCIENT
LITERARY CONGRESS OF WALES,
ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE NATIONAL
EISTEDDVOD, HELD AT MOLD,
HAS CONFERRED DISTINGUISHED HONOUR UPON THE
PRINCIPALITY,
AND ELICITED THE ADMIRATION AND GRATITUDE
OF EVERY PATRIOTIC WELSHMAN,

THIS ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF A DEAR FRIEND AND RELATIVE
IS, BY KIND PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE
AUTHOR.

Chester, 1873.

The late Canon Glynne.

THE LATE CANON GLYNNE.

THE references in the Poem to some incidents in the life of Canon GLYNNE will be better understood from the following brief sketch.

The Rev. HENRY GLYNNE was the second son of the late Sir STEPHEN RICHARD GLYNNE, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, and was born on the 9th of September, 1810. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree in 1832.

In early life he held a seat in the un-reformed Parliament as M.P. for Flint, but Mr. GLYNNE accepted the Chiltern Hundreds as soon as his year of office had expired. In 1834 he was ordained, and the same year was appointed to the family living at Hawarden, where he resided up to the day of his death in 1872, and where he lived that peaceful and unobtrusive life so congenial to his character.

Although his actions may not be recorded on the pages of History, yet his career was marked by active local usefulness and Christian zeal, seen in the increased number of churches, and material improvements in church accommodation, and the establishment of substantial schools in different parts of the extensive parish over which he presided; as the pastoral head of his extensive flock he was the trusted friend of rich and poor, and those who sought his advice or help never appealed to him in vain. His sympathy, and Christian love, have left a deep and lasting impression upon his parishioners, and as Chairman of Council, and Treasurer to the Hawarden Literary Institute, and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians, &c., &c., his genial kindness, wise and prudent counsels in the discharge of his various duties, commanded the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him.

It was in the discharge of his duty as Rural Dean that he proceeded to inspect the Church at Gwernafield (in course of rebuilding), when he was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, and although he was staggered by a blinding flash of lightning while sheltering from the storm, and was apparently unconcious for twenty

minutes, he yet proceeded on his journey of inspection when the storm had abated; but on returning to the Rectory, it was found necessary to call in Medical aid, but his vital powers were fast failing, and he rapidly, but peacefully, passed, in a few hours, to his eternal rest.

His remains were followed to the grave by about two thousand sorrowing friends and parishioners; and his final resting-place on earth is indicated by two old elm trees "That mark his narrow cell."

ADJUDICATION BY CANON KINGSLEY.

The best of all the Elegies sent to me is that signed "Glynllivon," I beg therefore to award the Prize to that Poem. It reflects great credit upon the Author.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Cloisters,
Westminster Abbey,
Sept. 22nd, 1873.

Elegy.

Elegy.

THE REV. CANON GLYNNE.

The still and sultry air, the dark'ning form
Of massive clouds, foretold the coming storm,
On duty bent, the faithful Shepherd starts,
Nor heeds the thunder or the flashing darts;—
The storm is past,—and calmed each rising fear,
But mournful voices strike the list'ning ear,
From door to door, with trembling accents spread
The words, "Our Pastor's gone! our Friend is dead!"

The sturdy oak was riven by the blast,
While saplings bent until the storm had past;
The plough was stopped, and stayed the sower's hand,
While scattering seed upon the furrowed land;

The Shepherd's voice was hushed in Death's cold sleep,
While lab'ring to infold his faithful sheep:
His Master called him ere his task was done,
His labours ended, or some plans begun.

To man, (the creature of the passing hour,)
Dark is the purpose of Omniscient power;
But when divested of this mortal guise,
The mist will clear before immortal eyes;
Each earthly sorrow past, and dried each tear,
The view from Zion's hill will then be clear,
That straight the path, and smooth the rugged way,
Which sorely tried the pilgrim of a day.

The love of power pervades the human breast,
And in its wake brings troubles and unrest:
Our Pastor left Ambition's gilded place,
And *humbly* sought to benefit his race;
He chose that nobler phase of human strife,—
To conquer sin, and teach the Word of life,
To wean the sinner from his earthly toys,
And lead the way to future heavenly joys.

His Master's will—his Master's work below
Oft led him forth to soothe each case of woe;
His gentle voice and sympathetic tear,
Relieved the weary with true Christian cheer;
He, knowing sorrow, could with better grace,
Dispel the cloud from every mournful face,
And drawing strength by prayer from Heavenly store,
Brought peace and comfort to the cotter's door.

In Councils grave, where erst he did advise,
His form no more is seen by mortal eyes;
Nor heard his prudent thoughts and ready plan,
By which he sought to help his fellow man.
No more he stands 'twixt heaven and earth to plead
The sinner's cause, the sinner's heavenly need;
We hear him not with solemn words reprove,
Then point the guilty to a Saviour's love.

No more within that venerable pile,
His earnest prayers re-echo through the aisle,
And words of hope to guilty sinners here,
Which touched the heart, and brought the glist'ning tear.

And are his counsels buried in the tomb?
His labours lost within its earthy gloom?
Ah! no; the seed was scattered not in vain,
For heavenly rays will bring it forth again.

Each vacant spot in pulpit, chair, or hall,
His noble actions and his loss recall;
A loss that thousands mourned beside his bier,
Who shed the ready tribute of a tear;
His weeping flock stood by the dark abyss
Where he had left them for immortal bliss;
A greater gulf, a Father's loss imparts,
That nameless void within his orphans' hearts.

No daughter's joy or sorrow can recall
One throb within that narrow prison wall;
The plaintiff voices of his friends so dear,
Fall heedless on their Pastor's senseless ear;
That noble heart which beat with gen'rous glow,
Moves not at wails of anguish or of woe;
That silv'ry voice which drew them up to God
Is hushed for ever 'neath the verdant sod.

Is this the end, the final end of all?
The wise, the good, the vicious, great and small?
Do vice and virtue with the *man* decay?
And will "life's actions" moulder into clay?
Then close the stone o'er good and evil fast,
Live in the present, and forget the past;
The past is acted on life's present stage,
As do our actions mould the coming age.

Like circling wavelets rippling o'er a lake,
Our deeds survive, and ever onward break
O'er human thought; for weal or woe they run,
Unseen, but felt, from father down to son;
From son to son the constant wave is hurled,
A source of joy or sorrow to our world,
While now the form that first the impulse gave,
Returns to dust in some forgotten grave.

That grave, the Christian hath no cause to dread,
In faith he walks the path his Master led,
And breaking bonds that flesh and sin hath riv'n,
The Christian soldier fights his way to heaven;

His deeds still live, when he has passed the goal,—
He lives to see the harvest of his soul,
To hear his Master say, "Well done and blest,"
While calmly passing to eternal rest.

Our Pastor lives in each familiar walk;
He lives in generous deeds, in cotter's talk;
His voice still seems to echo from the sky,
"Believe in Christ and thou shalt never die."
Though dead, he speaks, and bids us follow on;
He lives that we may tread the path he's gone.
He did not point, but led himself the way
To realms of light, to Heaven's eternal day.

And are those elms that mark his narrow cell,
The last mute records of one loved so well?
Are virtues hid by that cold lettered stone?
In deeds he'll live when that green spot's unknown.
The memory of the just, like incense spread,
Beyond the crumbling records of the dead,
No polished marble need record his fame:
His lasting epitaph—HIS HONOURED NAME!

"GLYNLLIVON."